

Back To The Future

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Category: Harry Potter

Genre: Adventure, Family

Language: English

Characters: Founders, Harry P., Hermione G., Ron W.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-11 10:40:30

Updated: 2016-04-19 13:18:30

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:56:00

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 4,184

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Two mothers' encounter by chance was all it took to change the temporary end of a Civil War and the life of one Harry James Potter.

1. Chapter 1

****_Harry Potter and the Travel through Time_****

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><p>Chapter 1. Salazar**

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><p>A handsome young man with his jet-black locks tied back by a silver ribbon and an aristocratic, powerful air was striding down stone halls lit by torchlight, hissing to a black and cream viper on his arm. The hissed conversation abruptly stopped when a light emerald glow appeared in front of them out of nowhere. That isâ€|
**my** Family Magick!_

The (literal) ball of bright green energy faded to reveal an infant perhaps one winter old. He knelt beside the dazed child who was now starting to look around in confusion, but all words died in his throat when the little one's eyes connected with his own. His breath hitched; it could NOT be possible! _How can this be? I must speak with Meredith at once!_

The wizard moved to pick the babe up, when a painfully young and innocent voice said: "Mummy?"

He stared, then Occluded in order to organize his thoughts. The ravenette let out a hiss that the snake immediately obeyed. She slithered down his arm and away, back in the direction they had come from. He locked eyes with the little one again.

A sturdy young man with a mane of ginger hair, a strawberry blonde young woman with a motherly air, a regal young woman with long tresses of midnight black hair, another two young men, and a brunette young woman carrying a bow and an arrow-filled quiver on her back were running towards their kneeling friend. The female archer abruptly stopped, mouth falling open at seeing her husband with a mere babe. Her friends exclaimed in surprise at their sudden stop.

"Sal?" she quietly inquired, forcing the horrible thoughts that arose at the sight of the child to the furthest recess of her mind.

He snapped out of shock, wrapping his arms around the little one protectively and gracefully rising to his feet. "Meredith, Iâ€| my sonâ€|"

Pandemonium erupted. Everyone talked over themselves until the snake slid up her Master's leg and complained about the noise. The babe hissing back silenced the agitated witches and wizards.

"Salazar?" the male redhead broke the silence, cyan eyes filled with trust.

Sal sighed; if his hands weren't full holding an infant, no doubt he would be pinching his nose. "I looked into his mind. My daughter sent him here."

"Your **daughter**?!" half the group exclaimed, nearly gaping.

He rolled his bright green eyes. "Yes, my daughter â€" and no, Godric, the babe in my arms is not female."

The bushy-haired man frowned, scratching his forehead in confusion. "You are making no sense, Salazar."

His best friend looked at Meredith. "It is what it is. My love, do you have faith in me?"

She did not answer at first, sky blue eyes staring into his. A slow nod. Her hidden doubts vanished at the look of absolute devotion that bloomed on Salazar's face. They linked arms and the group dispersed as he walked Meredith towards their quarters, the others leaving them be in favour of preparing for the arrival of the students tomorrow.

Once home, Salazar hissed at a slab of stone in one wall mostly covered by a silver-trimmed green curtain arranged in a U-arc. He let his wife enter first, holding her hand like a perfect gentleman.

They walked down a winding path of stairs, coming out of the hidden passage into a cavern holed by rough passages. Soon the couple reached a wall with two entwined serpents were carved on its middle. Their eyes were set with great, glinting emeralds that seemed almost lifelike.

With a hiss from Salazar the pair of snakes parted as the wall cracked open, its two halves sliding smoothly out of sight. He and his wife entered the place dubbed by the other three Founders

'Chamber of Secrets' back before Meredith had even met Sal. It was very long and wide, with towering stone pillars entwined by more carved serpents. They cast long, black shadows through the Chamber's dim, greenish glow. There was nothing else save for a dozen snakeheads dotted around the spacious stone room.

"My love," Salazar finally spoke, turning around and locking eyes with her once again, "Know that I would rather die than allow harm come to you, and I could never look at another woman."

"I know, Salvazsaharâ€¦ I know," Meredith replied with complete honesty, briefly pressing her lips to his in a flutter of a kiss. She looked down at the babe, whom had fallen asleep in her husband's arms. "You claim a son and a daughter."

He nodded. "'Tis aâ€¦ complicated situation. I brought you to the Ritual Room in hope of determining the reality, for what his mind tells me is difficult to believe yet my Magicks know it to be true."

Meredith bowed her head, smiling knowingly. "You wish for me to learn if they are my son and daughter? While the Veil between those departed and those alive is thin?"

Salazar gave half a smirk. "You know me too well."

A bell-like laugh. "And you I, my love. Very well... Let us begin."

She moved to retrieve some things from one of the various secret rooms her husband had built over time, disappearing before reappearing a moment later with the required objects. Meredith set the objects down beside Salazar, then Conjured a simple chair so she could sit when chopping an apple with a knife of Thestral bone. After crushing it via a likewise pestle and mortar, moved to the centre of the Chamber and used a bowlful of wood chippings â€" holly â€" to form a circle around herself.

Next the witch pointed her wand at a free palm, a deep cut appearing on it with a tiny slash of coloured light. She walked to the middle of the circle drawn and used the injured hand to cover every inch of the wood with bloody applesauce.

Salazar approached her just as Meredith took a vial of phoenix tears out of her pocket and used a single drop to heal her cut. She took the babe from him.

Meredith talked a sentence in Gaelic, again in Greek, and a third time in a language unfamiliar to Salazar. With every word the Rune, which she had painted on the little one's forehead with a finger dipped in blood when he was handed to her, pulsed with bronze energy. After the final sentence had finished, the round line around them erupted in the same bronze energy.

Magic wove around them, fading. The circle had burnt to ashes. Meredith smiled lovingly at the awakening babe, and rubbed their noses together. She grinned at Salazar.

* * *

><p>"There you are!" Godric exclaimed when the couple entered the Great Hall with the babe in Salazar's arms. He grinned, pleasantly surprised to see Meredith cooing at the little one. His sister and fiancÃ© rose too in order to greet them.<p>

Naturally, Rowena did not hesitate to ask her question: "You learned whence forth he came?"

"The future," Salazar answered after casting several privacy spells. Godric, Helga and Rowena were the only ones he trusted with the truth.

"Surely you jest! How is such a feat possible?" the female redhead wondered aloud.

"'Tis true, Sal's claim," Meredith said with a wide smile.

"You look different. A ****good**** different." Helga gasped, then excitement gleamed in the cyan eyes as she took the brunette's hands in her own. "Is motherhood the reason?"

Meredith inclined her head. "He was right. The babe in my love's arms is his son, but mine as well. I love him even when he has been here for nary a night."

The other three exchanged dubious looks. "How is it possible for you to have a son with no warning, Salazar, Meredith?" Rowena regretted asking at seeing the dark expression that crossed her intellectual equal's face.

"An unusually foul Rogue was targeting our daughter many a year from now and her husband. Their son was brought to us by my Family Magick to keep him safe," he explained.

Godric literally growled; the only part he understood was a bad wizard attempting to harm the family of his brother in all but blood. "How dare they! I shall pierce that fiend with my sword! I shallâ€œ"

"Do no such thing!" Salazar told him in atone that brooked no argument. ****I**** bear the responsibility to protect my family, as its Lord."

"I understand," the male redhead grumbled reluctantly, his temper still bubbling hot but waning in face of the ravenette's cold certainty. He re-sheathed the sword with a light grey metallic hilt topped by a large ruby, 'Godric Gryffindor' carved on the steely blade.

The five discussed the situation, agreeing to perform a very simple yet difficult Ritual Spell (which was not the same thing as a Ritual) to hide the little boy's origins. Helga was a little uncertain at hiding it from their two fellow teachers when they had been there, in the corridor where Sal had been found with the child. The snake now draped around his shoulders pointed out, in her own language (of course), that the Secret would be difficult to keep with five participants as it was.

"But since seven is a Magical number, it might not hurt to allow them in," she concluded.

"Fine. Rena, will you and Godric fetch them?" Salazar looked at the engaged couple sternly. "And kindly keep any mention of our son reaching other ears."

Godric saluted with a small grin, though from his eyes the seriousness by which he took this task could be seen. Rowena firmly nodded. Her pale grey eyes rested on the sleeping babe, and she looked determined. _No child should suffer losing their family, especially to a __**Rogue**__! As though the Mundanes' increasing hostility is not an issue on its ownâ€|_ The engaged couple left the Great Hall.

"Did you perform the Identity Ritual?" Helga asked her fellow Founder, suspecting that as the reason her friends took so long. She knew he, aside from Goblins, was the only one who knew how to. Those greedy ground-workers never shared their secrets with humans; for reasons he refused to disclose, Sal was an exception.

"Correct." Looking down at the infant with a surprisingly soft expression, Salazar whispered in his mother tongue: "Welcome home, Hadrian."

* * *

><p>AN: Here's the original beginning of this storyâ€"<p>

_The (literal) ball of bright green energy faded to reveal a toddler. A __**ragged child**__ who was heavily bleeding! A furious hiss left the wizard as he knelt beside the injured child of about five winters old, right hand already taking a vial labelled 'Blood-Replenishing Potion' out of his pouch. "Expecto Patronum!" A silver, ghost-like version of the snake now slithering down the man's lower left arm to circle protectively around the child formed from the vapour that just erupted from the tip of his wand. "Give this message to the other Founders â€" Come to the Healer's Wing as soon as possible!" The transparent snake radiating happiness floated off in the direction they'd come from._

Back to AN: I decided not to use it because almost immediately after writing it, a better back-story for why Harry ended up in the Founders' time appeared in my head. (It's in Italics to make it easier to read. From here on, only singing and thoughts are in _Italics,_ the former with ".")

Also, to them it's Greek but to us it was ****Ancient**** Greek.

And because the Books never specify what the Founders look like plus I don't count the movies as canon, I described them how those four are in my head. Hopefully there will be a picture of 'em up on Deviantart soon! :D

2. Chapter 2

****Chapter 2. Letter****

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><p>"HADRIAN JAMES PEVERELL!" A boy of about eleven winters was

racing down one of the castle's hundreds of stone corridors lit by torches, untameable mess of raven hair getting worse as he ran. Robes tied by the sleeves around his waist like a sash left the emerald tunic with silver embroidery and the forest green pants with legs tucked into black dragonhide boots completely visible.<p>

He skidded to a stop when an ornate door appeared from nowhere. With only a hesitant glance over his shoulder, the boy opened it and went in. The door shrunk out of existence in the blink of an eye.

A sigh of relief. _Mother is going to take me over her knee when I finally deign to show myself. I can only pray to Magic that Father does not hear of the retaliation. That Matthews has only himself to blame; I warned him and his friends not to talk dung about __**my**__ family._

Curiosity taking over, Harry (he liked his parents' nickname for him but only used it when with family) wandered around the empty room. He soon realized that it must be the place Uncle 'Ric had mentioned; where Salazar and Aunt Rena tested various Spells as well as Potions or invented new ones, for starters. He knew they had been at it long before his arrival, the other five teachers occasionally joining in.

Did Aunt 'El' not mention one moment that this Room of Requirement has started to gain Magicks of its own? I am interested to know what kind. Is there Parselan Magick like that of myself, Scarlett and Father?

Harry jumped when a piece of parchment appeared from nowhere. He plucked it from the air near his knee, looking it over. "What is this?"

It had four corners, a familiar wax seal in the middle. The child frowned in confusion. _Why does it have the crest of Haugh's Wards?_ He shrugged and stuck the thin item into his left boot, then left the Room.

Not until Samhain night shall the odd object cross Harry's mind once more.

* * *

><p>Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore sighed on his seat in the Great Hall of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. It had been exactly three months since Filius came up with the idea of having a house-elf deliver the acceptance letter of the Boy-Who-Vanished. Two months since the last of any optimism save Remus and Sirius, bless them for somehow clinging to hope, in regards to finding little Harry Potter died.<p>

Albus rose to his feet, mind and heart heavy as he gave his usual Halloween Feast speech for the past decade: "Ten years, we have lived in peace. Through pain and conflict persevering, we gained ten years of rest. Let us never forget the sacrifices many wondrous witches and wizards made for us all."

There was a moment of silence as everyone bowed their heads in respect of those dead.

"Tuck in!"

The children did just that, their Headmaster paying no mind to the conversations around himself. There was nothing wrong with the food; on the contrary, the house-elves seemed to have outdone themselves this year. He simply had no appetite.

Just when Albus pondered if he should have gone looking for Quirinus, said man burst into the Great Hall to inform everyone of a troll and promptly faint.

He got up again, asking the children to not panic and remain in the enormous dining hall for safety. The teachers " save for Sybill, Charity and Silvanus, all of whom stayed behind to keep an eye on the students " left to handle the threat.

They split up. Albus was walking down a corridor on the second floor, alert for any danger, when he heard a tremendous crash and a girl's screaming. He sprinted forward, silently hoping the poor child would not get killed.

Albus encountered Minerva and Severus, the latter's leg bleeding for whatever reason. He was sure the young Potions Master would elaborate later. A student's life was more important.

To say the three professors were **shocked** to find Hermione J. Granger, one Gryffindor First Year whom had proven herself a model student if rather pushy, being comforted by an unfamiliar boy clad in simple yet elegant clothes next to a dead troll used as a trampoline by two 7-year-olds in similar outfits would have been an understatement. They were completely stunned.

* * *

><p>Harry was playing with his adoptive little brother, AntÃ³nio 'Robin' Emrys Peverell, and likewise sister, Oliveira 'Scarlett' Dinas Peverell. Robin looked like a child version of their father but with their mother's hair and eyes, Scarlett a mix between both with Salazar's tame raven locks as well as his eyes.<p>

They had just left the Samhain feast, running in the corridors on their way to the family's quarters. "Harry, look!" Scarlett suddenly exclaimed, pointing at something glowing golden like the Sun in his boot.

The messy-haired ravenette stopped and looked down, pulling the item out. "What is this thing doing?"

His little siblings, having come closer to take a look, wrapped their arms around the bigger kid in alarm as a wind suddenly picked up. Harry leaned his head back, about to drop the object when the rising gale sped up so much it was as though they were within a storm's eye. The glow was replaced by a blinding flash.

Next thing the trio knew, they fell onto stone. Harry check Scarlett and Robin were all right. "What happened?" the latter of the twins wondered aloud.

"I do not know, but shall soon find out," Harry replied, frowning. He stuck the weird item into his boot again since it once more looked

like a plain piece of parchment with the crest of Haugh's Wards as its seal.

Quietly as possible, the three children crept along the corridor. Harry felt his muscles tense in anticipation of an ambush.

None came. _Odd. Should the letter not have been a trap of some sort after all? I must speak of it with Father._

"Can you smell something?" At the twins' joint question, he glanced at each of them. They were wrinkling their noses in disgust. Harry sniffed, and recoiled at the foul stench that reached his nostrils. It was like a gross combination of clothes that had not been washed for months and the dung of dragons.

Harry surmised some creature, possibly a mountain troll, was the source. He looked around for a safe hiding place.

"In there!" The trio hid inside a narrow room which, to their confusion, was unlike any they had seen before. There were wide ceramic bowls attached to the wall on one side with mirrors above them, on the opposite wall what seemed to be doors with space above them.

"Where are we?" Scarlett asked her big brother, tugging on the tip of her ponytail tied up by a crimson ribbon.

"I don't knowâ€¦ Robin!" Harry rushed forward and caught their younger sibling when the curly-headed brunette's hold on one of the strange bowls slipped. "You cannot climb every stable thing you find, **especially** not one that is this smooth."

Robin scratched the back of his head with a nervous grin. "Ahaha, sorry, big brother!"

The quiet sobs they had been hearing ever since entering this odd room subsided and one of the doors was pushed outwards to reveal a girl Harry's age. She had a mane of light chestnut hair, not unlike Godric's, and chocolate brown eyes that were reddened and puffy from crying.

"Are you here to make fun of me?!" the girl cried out, making Harry frown at her defensiveness.

"No," he replied bluntly, eliciting a surprised look that held some suspicion from the female 11-year-old.

She opened her mouth, no doubt to question their presence there, when the entrance's door was crashed down. A low grunting and the shuffling footfalls of gigantic feet accompanied it. All four kids screamed as they ducked bits of wood and dove under a couple of the odd bowl-things, Harry wrapping an arm around each of his little siblings.

It was a horrible sight. Twelve feet tall with skin a dull, granite gray, its great lumpy body like a boulder that had the small bald head perched on top of it like a coconut. The creature's short legs were thick as tree trunks with flat, horny feet. It reeked even more in such close proximity. Lifted by one gnarly hand was a huge wooden club, which no doubt had been used to knock the door down.

The mountain troll waggled its long ears, as it slouched slowly into the room with dull eyes and sniffed for its prey. Harry tried to inch himself, his smaller brother and sister, and the girl away but froze with his breath hitching in terror as the troll's long arm pulled back.

"RUN!" They scrambled to the side, only barely avoiding the club. Had it not been for Harry's quickly-cast Wandless and Silent Shield Charm, debris from the smashed sink would have showered the quartet.

The bushy-haired girl screamed so loud, Scarlett and Robin clapped hands over their ears as they cringed away from her. Harry shoved them into moving to safety before whirling around and hissing a spell in Parselan as he Conjured a wide silver dagger lacking its hilt and threw it at the troll's head.

The blade sailed clean through nearly half its neck, sending greyish blood splattering on the mirrors and floor. The troll's raised club fell and, by sheer dumb luck, landed on its head.

A very loud thump signalled that horrid creature's death.

Harry anxiously checked his little sister and brother over, then asked the unfamiliar girl if she was all right. "Youâ€¦ y-you killed itâ€¦"

The eldest Peverell sibling frowned. "Yes, I did. Are you all right?"

She shook her head absentmindedly, mumbling under her breath: "Trollâ€¦ Wandless Magicâ€¦ Parselmouthâ€¦ Conjuratiâ€¦ Silent castingâ€¦ Howâ€¦? I don'tâ€¦"

He placed a hand on her shoulder, noting that Scarlett and Robin were already recovering from the shock as they climbed onto the troll. "Your name, little Mistress? I am James; my siblings Dinas and Emrys." _Revealing our full names may be risky._

"â€¦Hermione Granger," the girl murmured into his shoulder, hugging him in a desperate search for comfort. Harry awkwardly patted her back as he glanced at his little siblings starting to play.

"What on Earth is going on here?!" The kids looked to the door and saw three adults. A stern-looking woman had been the one who had just spoken.

Who are they? I have never seen any of these three here before. Harry quickly dismissed that thought in favour of placing an arm protectively around Scarlett and Robin as they rushed to him and keeping the other on Hermione's shoulders. He faced the grown-ups. "We were attacked by that mountain troll."

"Ah, I see," the oldest of the three answered. He gestured to the younger man to inspect the troll. "I do not believe I have seen you in the Great Hall, my boy."

Harry scowled at the implication of him belonging to anyone, but remembered Salazar's advice about at least trying to think before

acting. "Strange. Regardless, I know not your name, Sir." _You are lucky Mother instilled such a good sense of manners in us or I would be pulling an Uncle 'Ric._

The greasy-haired ravenette with a limp from some recent wound looked up from the corpse and drawled: "It's dead."

Old coot nodded before introducing himself as Headmaster Albus Dumbledore to Harry. The woman was staring at the 11-year-old boy with misty eyes for some reason, Professor Minerva McGonagall according to Dumbledore, and the injured man was Professor Severus Snape. Harry was not completely surprised by the reaction he received when identifying himself as James Prince, any mention of his siblings' names cut off by Snape's outraged exclamation.

"That's not possible! You're lying," the sallow-skinned man seethed.

Harry glared back, for some reason making Snape recoil. "My mother is named **Meredith Prince**!"

Funny enough, none of the adults nor Hermione reacted to this fact beyond mild confusion from the females. Dumbledore attempted to diffuse the situation with grandfatherly words, moving his hands in the universal "calm down" gesture. He suggested they all discuss this in his office.

* * *

><p>I am not at home. Some horrible Magick has taken us away from Haugh's Wards. This was Harry's reaction upon sitting in Dumbledore's office. Scarlett and Robin were greatly enjoying playing with some of the things there, but their older sibling could only think of what a monumental mistake he had made in not handing the odd object â€" now revealed to be a letter of acceptance from Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry â€" when he still had the chance.

Mother, Father, forgive me.

* * *

><p>AN: I will not bother trying to make things sound Middle Aged after this chapter; it's getting annoying. Please ignore any modern things Harry says.<p>

End
file.